



**Geronimo Stilton**

# MICEKINGS

## THE FAMOUSE FJORD RACE







# WELCOME TO THE FAR NORTH . . . A WORLD OF THE M

WHERE THEY LIVE:

Miceking Island

CAPITAL:

Mouseborg, home of the Stiltonord family

OTHER VILLAGES:

Oofadale, village of the Oofa Oofas, and Fea  
village of the vilekings

CLIMATE:

Cold, cold, cold, especially when the icy nor

TYPICAL FOOD:

Gloog, a superstinky but fabumouse stew. ' recipe is closely guarded by the wife of the

NATIONAL DRINK:

Finnbrew, made of equal parts codfish juice  
herring juice, with a splash of squid ink

MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION:

The drekar, a light but very fast ship

GREATEST HONOR:

The miceking helmet. It is only earned when a mouse performs an act of courage or wins a

UNIT OF MEASUREMENT:

A mouseking tail (full tail, half tail, third tail, quarter tail)

ENEMIES:

The terrible dragons who live in Beastgard

# MEET THE STILTON

Geronimo

Advisor to the  
miceking chief

Trap

The most famouse  
inventor in Mouseborg

Benjamin

Geronimo's nephew

Thea

A horse trainer who  
works well with all kinds  
of animals

BUGSILDA

Benjamin's best  
friend

Sizzle

The cook

## . . . AND THE EVIL

Gobbler the Putrid

The fierce king of the  
dragons is a Devourer!

The dragons are  
divided into 5  
clans, all of which  
are terrifying!

### 1. Devourers

They love to eat micekings raw —  
no cooking necessary.

### 2. Steamers

They grab micekings, then fly over  
volcanoes so the steam and smoke ma

### 3. Biters

Before eating micekings, they nibble  
them delicately to see if they like

them or not.

#### 4. Slurpers

They wrap their long tongues around

.  
mice kings and slurp them up.

#### 5. Rinsers

As soon as they catch mice kings,  
they rinse them in a stream to wash  
them off.





# Geronimo Stilt MICEKING

Scholastic Inc.

## THE FAMOUS FJORD RACE

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Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International  
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locales is entirely coincidental.

e-ISBN 978-0-545-87543-1

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title Scattare scattareee... Geronimord

Cover by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and Flavio

Illustrations by Giuseppe Facciotto (pencils) and  
color)

Graphics by Chiara Cebraro

Special thanks to AnnMarie Anderson

Translated by Julia Heim

Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing 2016

# GERONIMO, OUR HERO!

It was a splendid summer at  
Mouseborg, the capital of Mic  
The sun was  
shining  
high in the sky, the  
clouds were rushing past, and  
was making the  
flowers  
wave in the fields.  
Oh, I'm such a

# scatterbrain!

I haven't introduced myself:

**Geronimo Stiltonord**

, and I am a

mouseking. I live in the ancient

far north, where it's cold for

most of the year — except

in the summer! As I was

saying, it was a very

hot

afternoon. It was so hot that

I decided to take a little

nap.

When I woke, I was in the  
best mood.

I headed straight toward the  
That afternoon the entire vill  
was celebrating a very  
special  
occasion in honor of  
yours  
truly

. I was about to receive  
my first  
miceking helmet,  
our  
highest honor!

On the street, rodents greeted me  
smiles and

pawshakes

. When I arrived in  
the square, I heard mice cheer

“Geronimo! Our hero has arrived

“Cheesy catapults, there he is

“It’s Geronimo!”

A stage was set up for the ceremony  
was decorated with crests and

COLORED

flags.

The village chief,

Sven the



# SHOUTER

, stepped forward and lifted

his arms with a solemn gesture.  
All the micekings  
quieted down.  
“

Micekings  
of Mouseborg!” Sven  
exclaimed. “This is a  
special  
day that  
will be remembered for generations  
generations!”  
Then he looked my way.  
“Come up here,  
valiant

Geronimo!”

Sven said.

My whiskers

trembling

with emotion,

I greeted the crowd and head

Thank

you!

Bravo!

What a

hero!

stage. Sven the Shouter  
lifted

a

shiny

mouseking helmet over my head.

thundering

voice, he proclaimed:

“I, Sven the Shouter, award the  
honor to

Geronimo the Smarty-  
mouseking!”

“Hip, hip, hooray!”

the crowd answered,  
shouting as one.

“For his incredible heroism!” S

“Hip, hip, hooray!”

everyone replied.

“For his amazing courage!” Sv

“Hip, hip, hooray!”

said the crowd.

“And for his

fabumouse

athletic skills,”

Sven concluded as he placed t

my snout. “

**“SO SAYS SVEN THE  
SHOUTER!”**

As is customary in Mouseborg

echoed back:

**“SO SAYS SVEN THE SHOUTER!”**

Yay!

Hip, hip,

hooray!

My hero . . .

Well done!

You're a legend!

I looked out into the audience  
sister, Thea, my sweet nephew  
my cousin Trap

smiling

at me.

Then someone came up behind  
tapped me on the shoulder. I  
a mouse with eyes as

blue

as the water of a  
fjord and hair as

red

as the sunset.

Helmets and herring!



It was

Thora

, Sven's

daughter. She is the most captivating  
mouseking in the e

My heart began to  
pound so loudly I

was sure Thora  
could hear it. As

I stared at her

foolishly,

she gave me a

hug

and

whispered

in my ear: “You look like a true  
hero

in that helmet, Geronimo!”  
“

Uuuuncle! Uuuuncle!

” a little voice

suddenly shrieked loudly.

“H-huh?” I stammered, confused  
that? What’s going on?”

“Uncle!” the voice

squeaked

again.

What?!

Poof

I opened my eyes and finally  
The rejoicing crowd . . . my f  
helmet . . . the courageous Th  
been

just a dream

!

The little voice at my door be  
nephew

Benjamin

! And that meant I was still  
at home, half-asleep and in m  
Fjords and fiddlesticks!

That also

meant I was late for my rune  
Benjamin and his friend Bugsy

LET'S LEARN TO READ!

Benjamin and his best friend, Bugsilo  
often visit me to learn to read and  
write. I'm the official village  
scholar, so I know runes,  
which are characters that  
make up the miceking  
alphabet. I hold our  
lessons in the yard  
behind my hut.

RUNES

# THERE YOU A CODfish FACE

I got out of bed and  
sighed

. I had only  
earned a miceking helmet in m  
oh why did I have to be the v  
I would have traded my brain  
an instant if it meant I could  
very own  
miceking helmet

.

I opened the door to my hut.  
But before I set one paw outside  
I looked up to see if  
there were any  
dragons  
in sight. Those  
enormouse  
creatures are very  
dangerous because

they're always

**starved**

for fresh

miceking meat!

Everything seemed

**calm**

: The sky was

blue, with just a few clouds.

Bugsilda, and I headed to the

**stone**

chalkboard behind my hut. I cl

my stool and began to etch r

stone with a



petrified stick

.

“There you are,

**codfish face**

!” a

voice bellowed.

I recognized that squeak right

**Olaf the Fearless**

, the most obnoxious

sea-mouseking and drekar

\*

commander!

“Great groaning glaciers!” I e

“What are you doing here, Ca

“Enough with the chitchat, sa  
replied. “There’s no time to lo  
help with a  
little job

. Now get down  
from that stool and follow m  
\*

A drekar is a light but very fast miceking shi

while there's still a  
favorable  
wind  
!"

Crusty codfish!  
Just the thought of  
going out to sea in  
that little bathtub  
made my whiskers  
tremble in  
fright

.

Anytime I'm on the  
water, I get terribly

drekar-sick

!

“B-but I have to  
finish this lesson  
first,” I said, trying  
to stall. “It’s very  
important  
.”

Olaf looked at the  
stone blackboard.

“Does that explain

Olaf

the Fearless

Captain of the drekar

Bated Breath  
, he is called  
“the Fearless” because he  
must be fearless to face  
the North  
Miceking Sea  
on that stinky  
old heap —  
er, I mean, on that most  
seaworthy ship!

This is the alphabet . . .

Grrrrr!

how to recognize a

tail

wind

?”

“No, this is the

alphabet

,” I replied.

“Well, does it at least explain h

icebergs

at sea?”

“No,” I replied. “It’s just the a

“What about how to use the

stars

to

navigate?” he asked. “Or how  
to tie a reef knot? Or how to

preserve

herring with salt?”

“No, no, and no!” I answered, e

“It’s

**still**

just the alphabet!”

“Shivering squids!” Olaf yelle

lessons are

**useless**

! When are you going  
to teach the basic informatio  
mouseking sailor  
needs to know?”

I sighed.

“I don’t teach sailing, Olaf,” I  
explain. “I teach reading and w



today's  
lesson  
is over.”

“Great  
lesson

, Uncle G!” Benjamin  
exclaimed. “Thanks!”

“If you don't mind, can we li

captain

now?” Bugsilda added.

Olaf smoothed his

whiskers

and smiled.

“You remember my drekar, ri

proudly.

“How could I forget that  
stinky

— uh, I

mean,

beautiful

boat?” I replied.

“Well, I’m putting together a  
compete in the  
Famouse Fjord Race  
, and I need  
a proper cabin mouse,” Olaf ex  
know, someone who darts ba  
on the deck all day long,  
following  
orders  
. Basically, I need someone lik  
you,  
smarty-mouseking  
!”

# I'M NOT A SEA-MOUSEKI

As soon as he heard talk of the

Famouse

Fjord Race

, Benjamin's ears perked up.

"Yes! Say yes, Uncle!" he shouted.

such a barbarically

## fabumouse

race!"

"And the winner gets a brand-new

Bugsilda added.

“Well said,  
little micekings  
,”

Olaf agreed. “The drekar is ca  
the Abyss. She’s not as great a  
but —”

Benjamin  
and

Bugsilda  
didn’t let  
him finish.

“A lot of teams will compete,  
squeaked.

“Yeah, it’s going to be a  
huge field  
!”

Bugsilda cried.  
“

Not quite  
, little micekings,” Olaf  
corrected. “The course is only  
micekings who are willing to  
risk their  
fur

. It’s not going to be easy!”  
I sighed with relief. This was  
out

!

“I’m not a true sea-mousekin

“So I’m afraid I can’t be your  
Olaf.”

It’s up to you . . .

No excuses!

But . . . I . . .

But Olaf just gave me an enormous  
thump  
on the back.

“Unfortunately, the best  
sailors  
are all  
busy,” Olaf replied. “You’re the  
smarty

-

mouseking

. But don’t worry:  
You’re as weak as a baby here  
you won’t be for long. On the way  
Olaf the Fearless!



”

“B-but, I can’t leave!” I protested too many things to do in Mount

“Oh, yeah?” Olaf asked, looking down. “And what exactly do you mean that’s so

urgent

?”

“Umm . . . I have to dust the shelves and sharpen

the petrified sticks for sketching runes,” I squeaked meekly.

“No more excuses!” the commander yelled out. “Don’t be a

# boneless cod

. It's up to  
you, smarty-mouseking. Now

go — captain's orders!"

I tried one more time.

"Oh, you don't understand, C  
moaned. "All this

sun

is going to give me

a furburn. And I suffer from t

worst

drekar-sickness!"

"Stop complaining!" Olaf grunt

leaving with me, and that's th

I sighed. It was

impossible

to change

his mind.

At that moment, my sister,  
Thea

, rode up

proudly on her white horse. S

trainer with a real gift for wo

animals.

“Your brother is as

**soft**

as a fish

fillet!” Olaf complained to he

inventing

**excuses**

so he won’t

have to participate in the rac

suspected!”

Thea looked me over with a  
**stern**  
expression.  
“

**Geronimo Stiltonord!**  
” she scolded.

“I assured the commander that  
a part of his crew. It’s the  
**perfect**  
excuse  
for you to put those petrified  
get some  
**sun**

and

**exercise!”**

Stop

complaining!

Huff!

He's as soft

as a fish fillet!

“Thea’s

right

!” Olaf

exclaimed.

I couldn’t believe my ears:

These two had

teamed

up

!

“When I say no, I mean no,” I said stubbornly.

“Think about it, Geronimo,”

Thea



suggested. “Instead of  
writing  
about the heroic  
actions of other micekings, y  
about your own adventures fo  
I was about to  
dig in my paws  
and refuse  
when Benjamin and Bugsilda .  
“Uncle, it will be a fabumous  
Benjamin squeaked.  
“We’ll all participate  
together  
”  
,  
Bugsilda added.

At that point I didn't have any  
**more**

When I say no,  
I mean no!

excuses — I would do anything for my  
sweet little nephew and his friends to be  
happy.

I sat down on my stool and sighed.  
“Okay,” I agreed. “We’ll take a short  
race.”

“Yaaaay!” Benjamin rejoiced.

Olaf

and

Thea

winked at each other.

Their plan had worked!

Olaf gave me another heavy  
paw

to the  
back.

“That’s the spirit, smarty-mo  
said. “We depart tomorrow n  
the port at  
dawn  
!”

# THE FAMOUS FJORD RACE

The next morning when I arrived  
everything was ready for the  
Famous Fjord Race

.

The drekar captains had their  
up at the start. Crowds of men  
the docks,  
cheering  
for their favorite  
boats.

Sven the Shouter had ordered

superduper

,

Goat-butter-and-  
fjordberry-jam  
sandwiches

Aged

Stenchberg  
cheese on toast

Mousehilde's  
famouse gloog

extra-long

table for the occasion.

It was loaded with a ton of wh  
good food!

All the most appetizing

mouseking

specialties were there:

Goat-butter-and-

fjordberry

-

jam

sandwiches

Aged

# Stenchberg

cheese on toast

Famouse

gloog

stew made by Sven's wife,  
Mousehilde

# Seaweed

spaghetti with goat cheese  
Assorted

mussels

# Salted-codfish

ice cream

Seaweed spaghetti  
with goat cheese



Assorted mussels  
Salted-codfish  
ice cream

Everyone's here!

When do  
they start?

Have you seen  
the buffet?

Soon!

Hurry up!

We're coming!

Yum!

How delicious!

I had just arrived when  
**Sven the  
Shouter**

made an announcement at  
the top of his lungs.

“Micekings of Mouseborg, re-  
cried. “The  
Famouse Fjord Race  
is about to  
begin!”

All the micekings on the dock

**Yip! Yip! Yippee**

“Fearless

sea

rodents, I know you'll all  
behave like true sportsmice," S  
"May the best team win.

SO says

Sven the shouter!

”

All the micekings on the dock

“So says sven the shouter!”

Then Sven spotted me.

“Geronimo, you're just getting

now

?”

he thundered. “Also, you look

greenish

!”

“Valiant Sven the Shouter, I  
admit something,” I said, my c

red

with embarrassment. “I have a  
a stomachache. Y-you know, I  
terrible drekar-sickness  
!”

Sven sighed.

“You really are a boneless coward  
mouseking,” he said, shaking his head.  
get your tail on the Bated Breath  
a true mouseking.

SO says Sven  
the shouter!

”

The micekings on the docks all

unison:

“So says sven the shouter!”

I

sighed

in resignation and headed toward  
Olaf’s boat.

At that moment, a voice behind  
me

jump

.

“Heya, Cuz!”

“Trap!” I cried. “Are you on  
Olaf the  
Fearless’s



crew, too?”

“Of course not!” Trap replied. ‘

you're participating in the race  
you a  
gift  
!"

Fjords and fiddlesticks!  
I was in  
trouble. When my cousin Trap  
me, it means one of two things:  
a favor or he wants me to  
test out  
one of  
his latest inventions. And his  
never  
,

ever  
work!

He pointed to what looked like  
a wooden  
barrel.

“This is a  
dangerous  
race, Cousin,”  
he said. “And since you’re a  
codfish

,

I know that sooner or later, you  
will fall in the water. So you can try my  
invention:

the Emergency Lifeboat in  
Barrel

!”

“No, no, no!” I shouted. “You know  
like your inventions!”

“This isn’t like my other inven-

reasoned

. “It’s

supereasy to use.

You don’t even need  
instructions! When

you get back to

Mouseborg

— that

is,

if you get back —

you’ll

thank me

!”

With that, he

pushed  
the  
mysterious  
barrel

toward me.

Resigned, I headed  
to the buffet and  
helped myself to  
a double serving  
of Mousehilde's  
gloog with a side  
of

salted-codfish

THE EMERGENCY

# LIFEBOAT IN A BARREL

For the mouseking who  
doesn't know how to swim!  
This invention is ideal for  
keeping micekings afloat  
and protecting their tails  
from sharks. Steering  
accessories (paddles and  
oars) are strictly excluded.  
Portable, spacious, and so  
easy to use that there are  
no instructions!

ice cream. After all, who knew  
again!

Good-bye,  
miceking banquets

! Good-  
bye, fur! Good-bye, lovely  
Thora

!



# MICEKING CHALLENGE!

I was still eating when a  
tall

,

muscular  
rodent approached.

“Do you plan on serving me  
cream or not?” she asked. “A  
must do his

duty

, even on dry land!”

“B-but I-I’m not really a c-c-cab  
I

stuttered

. “And I’m n-not serving  
ice cream . . .”

At that moment,

Thora

arrived.

“I didn’t know you were part  
the race, too, Geronimo,” she  
introduce

Ratilde

, the captain of the Beauty  
of the Seas!”

I extended a paw to the tall,

rodent, and she gave it a vigor

“Captain Ratilde,  
this is

Geronimo

,

my dad’s advisor and  
the village scholar

”

,

Thora explained.

I couldn’t believe  
my ears: The most

fascinating

rodent in the village  
was talking about

me

!

I was about to melt  
like

Stenchberg  
cheese

in the sun.

Ratilde introduced  
me to the courageous  
mice kings

who

made up the Beauty of  
the Seas crew.

Unable to avoid my

# Ratilde

Ratilde is the captain of the drekar

Beauty of the Seas.

Her fabumouse all-female crew is one of the best in Mouseborg. But don't be fooled by her friendliness: Ratilde can challenge and defeat any sea-mouseking!

cabin-mouse duties, I served  
everyone on the dock with a  
**smile**

on my  
snout.

But suddenly, Olaf  
**arrived**

, shouting  
at me.

“Geronimo, does this seem like  
eat ice cream?” he asked, announcing  
board, you  
**jellyfish**  
!”

“Olaf, you  
sea rat  
!” Ratilde greeted  
him. “Did you forget how to  
friend?”

As soon as he saw her, Olaf turned  
red  
as a shrimp. I had never seen  
embarrassed!

“R-Ratilde!” he stammered. “I  
s-see you there! Pardon me. My  
preparations for the  
race  
are keeping me



busy.

And speaking of the race, may  
best team win!”

“In that case, you  
might as well  
quit  
right  
now!”

snickered  
a supermuscular rodent  
with a  
braided  
beard. “Ha, ha, ha!”

It was

**Snarl**  
, the  
commander

of  
the  
Cyclone Prince

,  
the drekar with the  
tallest  
and

beefiest  
miceking crew in all of  
Mouseborg.

“Go ahead and  
stay there eating  
ice cream  
,” he

continued. “My drekar  
will definitely win the  
race!”

# SNARL

The commander of the  
Cyclone Prince  
, the drekar  
with the most muscly  
miceings in Mouseborg.

H  
e is famous because  
he snarls constantly,  
especially when Olaf the  
Fearless is nearby.

“Oh,  
great groaning glaciers  
!” Olaf  
thundered, furious. “A true s  
doesn’t eat ice cream!”  
“Oh, really?”

Ratilde  
jumped in. “I  
adore  
ice cream!”  
Olaf was silent in embarrassm  
Ratilde had a  
weakness  
for ice cream,

but Olaf didn't know about it  
For that matter, Olaf had a  
weakness

for  
Ratilde, but she didn't know a  
Snarl took the opportunity to  
Olaf

jealous

.

“We  
understand  
each other  
completely, Ratilde!” he said.  
adore

ice cream, too. I can eat an e  
unlike this jellyfish, Olaf!”

Hearing those words, all the  
began to chant:

“Miceking Challenge! Mice  
Challenge! Miceking Cha

Olaf turned to look me right in

“I will eat more

**ice cream**

than Snarl,”

he said confidently. “

**On the honor of Olaf  
the Fearless!**

Geronimo, since you are a  
scholar, you will be our judge

**Cheesy catapults!**

Not a

**Miceking Challenge! Every time  
to judge a Miceking Challenge  
trouble**



. And in this case, in addition  
to being the judge, I'd have to  
**ice cream**

! But the micekings around  
me continued to chant:  
In the end, I had to do it.  
“

**Ready?**

” I announced. “On your  
marks, get set . . .

**go**  
!”

And the Miceking Challenge began.  
“Miceking Challenge! Miceking

Challenge! Miceking Chal

Olaf and Snarl  
gobbled down  
one bowl  
of  
salted-codfish  
ice cream after the next.  
One, two, three . . . ten, eleven,  
twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two  
cream! They were  
tied  
until there was just  
one bowl left. At that point, I  
whom to serve  
*first*

!

“Give me that ice cream, you  
codfish face

!”

Olaf thundered.

Give it to me!

No, to me!

Oops!

“No, give it to me!” Snarl growled. “Grrr!”

So I held it in my

paws

without deciding. But the two drekar captains yanked

me,

pulled

me,

and

spun

me around as

they tried to get the ice

cream!

In the end, the bowl  
slipped out of my paws, flew  
and  
landed right on my snout  
!

“Squeak!” I cried.

For a moment, Olaf and Snarl  
stared  
at me in silence. Then the que

“So who

ate

more ice cream?”

“Yeah, who’s the winner?”

“You decide,  
smarty-mouseking  
!”

All the other micekings who  
watched  
Oops!

the challenge started to yell a  
“Come on, smarty-mouseking  
chanted. “

Hurry up  
and pick a winner!”

Olaf and Snarl were about to st  
yanking  
me again, but right at that mo  
Stocker

the warehouse worker arrive  
“Valiant Sven the Shouter,” he  
top of his lungs. “The finnbrew  
missing  
!”



# Finnbrew

is the national miceking beverage. It  
from fish that are blended, spun, filter  
wooden barrels. Then it is macerated  
covered in a layer of flies and fermented  
ingredients are codfish juice,  
herring juice, and a  
splash of  
squid ink.

# THEY STOLE THE FINNBREW!

As soon as he saw the rodent  
running  
along  
the dock, Sven made space in  
“What happened?” Sven asked  
“There’s no more  
finnbrew  
, valiant Sven  
the Shouter!” Stocker repeated  
“

WHAAAAT?!

” Sven thundered.

“Where has it gone?”

“I don’t know,” Stocker replied with a shrug.

“Then it must have been stolen

!” said

Sven’s wife, Mousehilde.

“Stolen?” Stocker asked, confused. “Yes, maybe . . . or not . . .”

Sven, Mousehilde, and I exchanged glances

.

Everyone in Mouseborg knew. Stocker

is always indecisive. If  
you're in a  
hurry

,  
it's  
better not to ask him  
too many questions!

Sven turned  
red

with anger.

“Whatever happened  
to it, we

**must**

find

it!” he shouted. “In  
the meantime, sailors,  
prepare to depart!  
The  
race must go on!  
”

Then Sven grabbed  
my arm.  
“Come on, Geronimo,”  
he  
said  
. “You’re  
intelligent  
! I need  
your help.”

# We crossed the port Stocker

Stocker works in the warehouse at the finnbrew factory in Mouseborg. His job is to organize, watch, and deliver the barrels of finnbrew.

He is a very indecisive mouseking.

When you ask him a question, he'll usually just stare at you like a frozen codfish!

in a

flash

and entered the finnbrew  
warehouse.

“It’s as empty as the belly of  
bear

after a long winter hibernating.  
Sven thundered.

“The only thing left is this  
trunk

for the brewing equipment,”

It’s empty!

Oh no!

See . . .

pointed out. “But it’s  
empty  
, too.”

“When did this happen?” Mo  
asked him.

“I checked the finnbrew  
barrels

for the  
race yesterday and everything  
Stocker said. “At least I  
think

it was in  
order . . .”



“It’s all your fault, Sven!” Mo  
shouted at her husband. “I to  
needed to put a  
security mouseking  
in here!”

“But something doesn’t add u  
thoughtfully as I looked arou  
the thief take all the  
finnbrew  
? And where  
is it now?”

Stocker showed me the  
key  
around his  
neck.

“It’s true,” he explained. “The entrance to the cellar . . . I think it’s the only key!”

## SECURITY MOUSEKING

This mouseking watches houses and warehouses twenty-four hours a day. He begins to yell like a barbarian anytime someone unauthorized approaches. You can recognize him by the multilayered bags under his eyes. Be careful:

He is very irritable, grouchy, and moody because he never gets any sleep!

Yaaawn!

“Hmmm,” I mused. “This is all  
very

,

very  
strange

.”  
.

“That’s enough  
investigating  
for now,” Sven decided as he  
back to the port by my whisk  
figure it out after the  
race

, scholar!

So

says Sven the  shouter!  
”

When we returned to the dock  
wind had picked up. All the t  
the  
starting line

.  
Thea poked her head out of t  
Breath.

“Hurry, Geronimo!” she squeal

“Come on, Uncle!” Benjamin cr  
been waiting for you!”

I climbed aboard to find Cap  
the deck, clutching his stomach  
“

oh, oh, oh!

” he moaned. “What a

**stomachache**

!”

“Do you feel okay, Captain?”  
concerned. “Your snout is  
greener  
than mine.”

“It’s all that  
salted-codfish  
ice cream!” Olaf  
replied. “I ate too much! Ooo  
sick!”  
”

“Does that mean we’re not go  
to leave?” I asked hopefully. “  
going to  
quit the race  
, right?”

“No!” he replied firmly. “A  
true sea rodent  
never  
gives  
I have to steer it?!  
Get moving!

up. You'll have to steer the drekar, Geronimo!"

Me?!

Olaf showed me to the helm of the ship.

"Cast off and adjust the sheets,

smarty-

mouseking

," he ordered.

"Then hoist the sails and tack to portside!"

Having said that, the captain



disappeared

belowdecks.

Shivering squids!

I was in charge, and

I hadn't

understood

a

thing!

DICTIONARY OF  
NAUTICAL TERMS

LINE:

Rope

CAST OFF:

Release the

ropes; set sail

SHEET:

The rope that lets

you adjust a sail

**ADJUST THE SHEETS:**

Pull the ropes that control  
the sails

**HOIST THE SAILS:**

Raise  
the sails

**PORT:**

The left side of the  
boat

**STARBOARD:**

The right  
side of the boat

READY . . .

SET . . . GO!

On the shore, Sven positioned  
front of a

beautiful

new drekar.

“Micekings, turn your snouts  
Dame of the Abyss,” he announced.  
The jewel of a ship will be presented to the  
winner  
of the race!”

Dame of

# the Abyss

“

oooooh!

” the crowd murmured.

I was still busy trying to unde  
had to do. Had Olaf told me to  
cast off

? And

did he say something about  
sheets

?!

But what did it mean to cast  
was a sheet?

Crusty codfish!

I didn't have a  
clue

!

Meanwhile, Sven was announcing  
of the race.

“The first team to reach the  
**Whiskered**

**Rock**

, take the

**flag**

, and return to the

port will win the

Famouse Fjord Race

!” he

bellowed.

“Hooray!” shouted the spectators.

“Take your places!” Sven thu

“Ready . . . set . . . go!”

All the drekars

darted

forward,

fighting to be the first to leave

drekar . . . except ours!

# THE TEAMS COMPE THE FAMOUSE FJO

CAPTAIN:

Olaf the  
Fearless

CHARA

C

TERISTICS:

Proud and headstrong  
sea-mouseking with  
long red whiskers

DREKAR NAME:

Bated Breath

(because  
it could sink at any  
moment!)

CREW

:



The Stiltonord family (except for Trap too busy!) and little Bugsilda

CAPTAIN:

Ratilde

CHARACTERISTICS:

Fascinating and bold sea-mouseking

DREKAR NAME:

Beauty of the Seas

(because of the splendid siren on its bow!)

CREW:

The gutsiest female micekings in the a far north (including Thora)

CAPTAIN:

Snarl

CHARACTERISTICS:

Beefy and

sly sea-mouseking with a braided beard

DREKAR NAME:

Cyclone Prince

(because it crushes  
anything in its path!)

CREW:

The tallest and beefiest micekings in M

“Why aren’t we  
**moving**

, Geronimo?”

Thea asked impatiently.

“Umm . . . I-I don’t know

!” I said. “I’m

definitely not a sea-mouseking

But Benjamin and Bugsilda ur

“Don’t get

discouraged

, Uncle!”

Benjamin squeaked encouragi

you can do it!”

The little micekings were rig

I could

do it! I had to do it!

I went over Olaf's instructions

Cast off:

Done! (Well, okay, Benjamin did it!)

Adjust the sheets:

Done! (I'm not sure what they are, but Thea took care)

Hoist the sails:

Done! (Bugsilda did it!)

Tack to portside:

This I could do . . . or at least I thought I could!

I tried, but the drekar turned u

They're not moving!  
What an oaf!

one side  
to the  
other!

Why, why, why couldn't I  
figure

this

out? The wind was favorable,  
full . . . What had I forgotten?

Meanwhile,

Benjamin  
and

Bugsilda

darted up and down the deck,

“Uncle, the anchor!” Benjamin  
**Shivering squids!**

The anchor was  
keeping us in place!

Without wasting any more time  
the anchor, and Bated Breath did  
I tried to tack, but instead of moving

**turning**  
the rudder, the rudder was  
**turning me!**

So the drekar spun around on the  
middle of the port, causing the  
on the shore to

# crack up

laughing.

As the boat started spinning, I

drekar-sick!



“so says sven the shouter!”

“Quit playing the fool and get  
smarty-mouseking!” Sven sh  
shore. “

S0 says Sven the  
shouter!  
”

And from the dock, everyone  
together:

Luckily, right at that momen

Olaf

returned to the deck, grabbed  
and took matters into his own  
straightened out

the

Bated Breath

right away!

“C-captain, th-thank

goodness

you’ve come back!” I

stammered

.

“H-how did you manage to get  
quickly?”

“True sea rodents know a  
surefire

method to cure stomachaches  
a whisker!” he said cryptically

no time to explain right now.  
We're off!  
”

Olaf the Fearless was a real m  
sailor. He had  
rallied  
big-time! The race  
had begun, and we were  
on our way  
at last!

# THE GULF OF FLOATING ISL.

We were sailing in the open  
sea

under the  
hot sun when we saw the  
Gulf of Floating  
Islands

. In the distance, we  
glimpsed  
the  
Cyclone Prince zigzagging be

islands, with a few tails' advance  
Beauty of the Seas.

“Look, Uncle!” Benjamin exclaimed  
islands are

**moving**

!”

“No,” I replied. “Islands

**can't**

move.”

But then I saw them move my

I shook my snout.

Huh?

“It must be a trick of the  
light,” I said, perplexed.

“But it actually  
does  
seem like

everything is  
moving

...

“Maybe that’s why they’re called  
floating  
islands

,” Bugsilda suggested.

“But if that’s the case, what happens  
of the islands  
bumps into  
the drekar when

we sail by?” I asked, worried.  
Olaf was not reassuring.

“Simple,” he replied.

“Then the drekar will  
sink, and we’ll become  
**shark bait**  
!”

**Great groaning  
glaciers!**

My whiskers  
trembled with fright.

“Don’t be scared,  
Uncle,” Benjamin said calmly.  
“

**Captain Olaf**  
is the best



navigator there is!”

Meanwhile, the other teams

Shark

bait?!

doused their  
sails

(in other words, they  
lowered their sails and  
slowed  
down

!) and carefully navigated between  
the islands.

“Have you seen the other dredger?”  
asked. “It’s no problem. There’s no need to  
worry  
about.”

But I was worried. We were getting  
closer

and

closer to the islands, but Ola  
seem to be  
slowing down  
at all!

“Um, Captain?” I asked meekly  
it be better to  
douse the sails  
a  
bit?”

“There’s no time to slow down,  
boldly. “We need to make up  
We’ll tackle those islands at  
full speed  
!”

At f-full s-speed?

**SHIVERING  
SQUIDS!**

1

2

Look  
out!

Ack!

“With this  
tail wind

,

we’ll

reach the Cyclone Prince in the  
swish of a tail!” Olaf cried con-

At that moment, the drekar

jolted

violently. I lost my balance and

a coil of rope.

1

My paw got caught in the rope  
second jolt

hoisted

me up into the air,  
where I dangled upside down

Yikes!

2

3

We had finally reached  
the islands,  
but our drekar  
had stopped moving. We  
were

**stuck**

on top of one of the  
islands  
like a

**mussel in mud**

!

“Did you see that?” Benjamin  
islands really

do

move!”

But I hadn’t seen anything becom  
still hanging

upside down

, squeaking,

“Heeeeeeelp!”

3

“Stop yelling, Geronimo!” Th  
scolded me. “We’ll

untie

you!”



From where I was hanging, I saw  
see something, and it wasn't good  
we were stuck on was  
flooding  
with water! It happened  
slowly  
at first, but  
then  
faster  
and  
faster  
. I couldn't  
believe my eyes: The islands around  
weren't

islands

!

They were enormous fin whales  
whose rough skin had  
become

encrusted  
with

earth. Palm trees had even  
sprouted on the whales'  
backs!

It looked like the  
island we were  
stuck on was

flooding because the whale heard  
the sound

.

“

help!

” I continued to shout. “Get me  
down!”

Fortunately, Benjamin was finally able to  
loosen  
the rope.

Unfortunately, I fell

straight

down onto

the deck, landing right on my

Ouchie!

“Quit wasting time, codfish f  
growled at me. “We’re in the  
race. We have to figure out how  
off  
this whale!”

“Leave it to me,” Thea said co  
Then she leaned over the side o  
to get  
closer

to the whale. My sister has  
the  
unique

ability to talk to animals, which  
was what she was doing now.

A moment later, Thea turned  
smile.

“We have an idea!” she said. “F  
tight

,  
everyone!”

“What?!” I exclaimed. “You’re  
of . . .

noooooo!

”

At that moment, the whale b  
spray

a super-strong stream of water  
from its blowhole.

Splash!

The stream was so strong tha

shot

us into the air and

catapulted

us to

the other side of the Gulf of

Floating

Islands

!

We're catching  
up!



# THE WHISKER ROCK

We landed a few tail-lengths  
Beauty of the Seas.

But we were still in last  
The

Cyclone Prince, meanwhile, ha  
arrived at the Whiskered Roc

Benjamin  
and

Bugsilda

were as curious as cats

about the famous rock. They bombard Olaf with questions:  
“

1 – Why  
does the rock look like a mouse  
with a fish’s tail?  
“

2 – Why  
do they say the rock is ‘whisker’?  
“

3 – Why  
is the Cyclone Prince so close  
to the rock?”

The commander responded to  
the question:

True sea rodents say that this large, he  
reason the landmark is called the Whi  
shellfish, shellfish, and more shellfish  
to eat micekings when angry.

Blue walruses have never-  
ending appetites, but they  
get terrible stomachaches  
when they eat too much!

## Blue Walrus

“

1 –

I don't know! It's a mystery.

“

2 –

Because a colony of blue wal  
lives there.

“

3 –

Because Snarl wants to grab  
without docking, which isn't sp  
at all! That

cod face

!”

The

Cyclone Prince went around  
Whiskered Rock, passing

very,

very

close to the flags. Snarl grabbed  
drekar took off!

The

Cyclone Prince passed right by

Ha, ha, ha!

Let's go!

They're in the lead!

**Cyclone Prince**



“Olaf, you old sea rat!”

**Snarl**

snarled. “I grabbed that flag right out from your snout! If you’re nice, I’ll let you get a little spin in my new drekar, the ship of the Abyss.

Ha, ha, ha!

”

“That’s no way to behave!” Olaf huffed.

But our

**troubles**

were just beginning.



While  
SNARL

was

distracting Olaf, the  
blue walruses

had

surrounded the Bated  
Breath and the Beauty of  
the Seas threateningly!

“It’s all Snarl’s fault!” Ratilde  
shouted from her drekar. “He  
disturbed them when he sailed  
the rock. Now they’re  
furious

!”

The entire colony of  
blue walruses

was

ready to

bite

into the first micekings

that passed by — in other words

worse, there was

no way

for us to get

close to the flags without passing

Suddenly, we were startled by

Buuuurp!

“Come on, Geronimo,” Olaf

“You could at least  
excuse  
yourself!”

Buuuurp!

“What?” I replied, confused. “  
me! Was it you, Thea?”

Buuuurp!

“No, it wasn’t me,”  
Thea replied as she  
climbed  
down from a  
rope  
ladder. “It was  
the

blue walruses

! I'll go check it out.”

“Be careful where you put your

paws

,

Auntie,” Benjamin warned. “

covered in

sharp

shells!”

I come in peace!

But it was

no problem

for my sister.

She's such a

courageous

mouseking! She approached  
walruses slowly and carefully,

softly

the entire time. Then she turned  
back to us.

"I understand why they're

burping

!" she

exclaimed. “They have  
**stomachaches**  
from eating too many  
**shellfish**  
!”

“So they don’t want to  
**attack**  
us?” I asked.

Buuuurp!

Buuuurp!

Buuuurp!

“No,” Thea replied, shaking her head.

“But how can we

help

them?” Benjamin

asked.

“I know!” Olaf said,

smoothing

his

whiskers. “I have an

infallible

cure for stomachaches!”



# DON'T BE A SHRIMP HEAD

Captain Olaf disappeared before  
he returned holding a  
root  
with green leaves  
in his  
paw

.

“What is that?” I asked.

“I thought you were a smarty-  
Olaf

teased

. “This root is the  
remedy

I used for the stomachache I got  
that

salted-codfish

ice cream! It’s called

ratuzen root

.”  
.

Ratuzen Root

This root can be found on a remote  
island in the extreme far north. Only  
the most courageous sea-micekings  
know how to get there!

“

Hooray!

” Benjamin and Bugsilda rejoiced. “It will make the bl  
stomachaches  
go away!”

“You can bet on it!” Olaf agree  
rodents have

passed down

this remedy from one miceking  
the next since the

dawn

of time. Eating

a bit of it will make a stomach

quickly

.”  
.

Thea gave a slice of the

root

to each of

the walruses. As their stomachs

they began to howl in

joy

, celebrating with  
clumsy jumps.

But above all, they cleared the

our crew could get to the

flags

!

Unfortunately, the Beauty of t  
been damaged during its app

pointy

edges of the Whiskered Rock.

“We can’t continue the race,”

concluded after she  
examined  
her drekar.

“But you go ahead, Olaf. We’ll

“No way,” Olaf replied. “I,

Olaf the

Fearless

, am a mouseking of

honor. We won’t leave you here

We’ll help you!

Don’t

worry, we’ll be okay!

“Don’t be a  
**shrimp head**  
, Olaf!”

Ratilde insisted. “That crusty

**Snarl**

doesn’t deserve to win. Leave  
and head for the finish. The  
can do for the Beauty of the  
the Cyclone Prince!”

Wow! What a  
**determined**  
mouseking!

Olaf saw the logic of Ratilde’s  
**Ratilde**

and her crew stayed behind to  
the  
Beauty of the Seas as we con  
race.

After a few minutes, though,  
ourselves in the middle of an  
enormouse

storm. Captain Olaf called ou  
left

and

right

, barely pausing for a breath.

“Get moving, Geronimo! Ca  
Geronimo! Row, Geronimo, r



But all I could do was slip and  
deck, which was  
wet  
from the waves.

I felt so  
drekar-sick  
, I thought I might  
toss my cheese  
!

“Come on, Geronimo,”  
Olaf thundered.

“When we make it to the finish  
be a  
barnacle  
anymore — you’ll be a real  
sailor

! Now climb that main mast and  
Gulp!

me know how  
far

we are from Snarl's  
drekar!"

So I climbed to the top of the n

**Crusty codfish! It was**  
really high up!

I don't just get drekar-sick; I'  
heights

, too! From the top of the mas

I could see that the  
wind

had pushed us so

hard we had cut into the Cyc

's  
lead. We were  
neck  
and  
neck  
with  
Snarl's drekar!

“

Give up, fluke face!  
” Snarl yelled.

“

Out of our way, sea rat!  
”

Olaf countered.

Our drekars were so close, th

colliding! A strong  
jolt

threw me from the  
main mast right into the sea.

# MOUSEKING OVERBOARD!

Luckily, Thea noticed my fall.  
“

Mouseking overboaaard!  
”

she yelled.

I flapped my paws, my tail, and  
around in a

desperate

attempt to stay

afloat, but I’m not a very

athletic

mouseking. In fact, I can barely

swim

!

“There’s no time to lose!” Ola

as he turned the drekar around.

The

Cyclone Prince took advantage

misfortune and

darted

toward the

finish line without even pausing.

In fact, Snarl

laughed

as he sped by.

“See you at the awards ceremony

seaweed

breath

!” he snarled. “

ha, ha, ha!

”



At that moment, a group of fins  
of the water and began

**circling**

me.

“Blasted barnacles!” Olaf yell

are

**sharks**

!”

“

**help!**

”

I shouted. “I’m shark bait!”

“I have an idea,” Benjamin squ

Thea, this would be a great t

test

out

Trap's Emergency Lifeboat in a  
I sighed. Not Trap's invention  
never

,

ever

seemed to work!

Meanwhile, more sharks were  
approaching.  
Heeeelp!

1

2

3

Hey!

Pant!

Luckily, Thea was superquick

She grabbed the

barrel

and tossed it into the water.

1

Would it have been better  
for her to

warn me

first? Yes,

of course! Instead, I managed  
to  
splash  
out of the way just  
in time, avoiding the barrel  
by a whisker.

2

Then I  
grabbed on to the barrel  
and opened it.

3

Finally, I looked inside  
for the emergency  
lifeboat. But the barrel  
was

empty

!

That's when  
I understood:  
The lifeboat

Now what?

wasn't

inside

the barrel — the lifeboat  
was the barrel!

I

pulled myself

into the barrel and

tried to figure out how it worked

was nothing to

figure out

. All the barrel

did was

float

!

“Hooray!” Benjamin yelled h  
works!

Uncle Trap said it was

easy

to use.”

But Thea still looked

worried

.

“Careful, Geronimo!” she shout

at the circle of fins that was n

closer

and

closer

to me.

I ducked down inside the bar



whiskers

trembling

in fright. Something  
bumped the outside of my life

Shivering squids!

I was sure I was  
about to

lose my fur

. I peeked over the edge  
of the barrel and found myself  
with . . . a dolphin. I wasn't s

sharks

— they were  
dolphins

! Whew!

The friendly creatures began to  
playfully  
toss the barrel back and forth.

**Boing! Boing! Boing!**

Boing!

Boing!

Boing!

Helmets and herring!

I was soaking

wet

and my head was

spinning

, but I was safe!

Benjamin and Bugsilda laughed

Thea

thanked

the dolphins, petting

their snouts.

But our good mood was cut s

terrifying

sound of a horn:

“

Dragon alert!

”

Olaf shouted.

Boing!

What a  
headache!

TooT, toot,

Tooooooot!

A dolphin tossed me onto the  
Bated Breath with a flip of his  
pod quickly dispersed in the clear  
waters

of the fjord.

“D-dragons!” I stuttered in fear. “

We all

looked up

, but there was nothing  
in the sky.

“I don’t see anything,” Thea said.

“Maybe it was a

false

alarm . . .”

But a moment later we spotted a  
drekar with a  
**dark**  
flag waving from its  
mast.

“

**Shivering squids!**

”

Olaf exclaimed. “It’s the  
**vilekings**

!”

I shuddered. The vilekings are

**RATNOLF THE**

**TERRIBLE**

troublesome  
of all the micekings:  
They fight with everyone,  
attack  
drekar  
for no reason, and are always  
hunting  
for  
treasure, especially when it's  
take!  
Their village of  
Feargard  
is a scary place  
overlooking a gulf full of sha



ferocious  
sharks.

Shhh!

Quick!

Is this really a  
good idea?

“I want to go home!” I whined

“Stop complaining, you  
jellyfish  
!”

Olaf thundered.

“Maybe the alarm was for the  
vilekings

instead of the dragons,”

Thea guessed.

Why were the vilekings sailing

in the waters off the coast of  
Mouseborg

? What were they up  
to? It wasn't anything  
good

,  
that's for sure!

“

Let's follow them!

” Olaf commanded.

So Olaf the Fearless turned B  
around. We followed the vile  
to a

hidden

cove, where we put down our  
anchor and disembarked. Th  
down a

narrow

passage carved in some rocks.

It led to the entrance

of a

dark  
cave

.

“Is this really a  
good idea  
?” I

whispered to Olaf. “What’s on  
Captain?”

“Plan?” he replied in surprise.

“What?!” I exclaimed. “You  
dragged us  
off our boat without a  
plan?”

Thea rolled her eyes at me.

“Don’t be such a  
scaredy-mouseking

,

Geronimo!” she said. “I’m going

rest of you coming?”

I didn't want to wait at the c  
all

alone

, so I followed. Everyone else  
did, too. My sister sure is a c  
mouseking

!

The cave was huge, humid, an

dark

.

“Look!” Thea  
whispered

triumphantly.

“There, in the back! It’s the f



barrels that were stolen  
from the Mouseborg  
warehouse

!”

“So you’ve  
found

us out!” a voice behind  
us roared. “Too bad for  
you!

So says Ratnolf  
the Terrible!

”

“

Sh-shame  
on

you!” I stammered in  
reply. “You stole our  
finnbrew!”

“

Quiet  
, fool!”

Ratnolf replied. “I’m  
the only one who gets  
to talk! Ah, I am really,  
really

terrible  
!”

At those words, the  
other vilekings in the  
He is the head of the

vilekings of Feargard. He  
is mean and disrespectful,  
and the only thing he cares  
about is being the most  
terrible.

You can recognize  
him by the gold rings in  
his ears and the patch on  
his eye

(He can see fine  
without it, but he seems  
more terrible with it!).

Ratnolf the  
Terrible

"AH, RATNOLF THE TERRIBLE  
REALLY, REALLY TERRIBLE!"

cave repeated in unison:

"Tie these micekings to the r  
cove!" Ratnolf ordered his her  
way they'll have to

behave

as we load

the finnbrew onto our drekar

sail

out

of here. Ah, I'm really, really

terrible

!"

All the vilekings around him s  
“You’ll never get away with t  
leftover sea-foam!” Olaf shou  
tied

us to the rock.

“Quiet, mouseking!” Ratnolf c  
As the vilekings loaded the d  
suffered under the  
scorching  
sun.

"AH, RATNOLF THE TERRIBLE  
REALLY, REALLY TERRIBLE!"

It's so hot!

What should  
we do?

We need to  
free ourselves!

It was very, very  
hot

!

But suddenly, the  
drops

of sweat that

were hanging from my whiskers

icy

with fright.

“Great groaning glaciers, no!”

those are the —”

“Shhh!” Thea

shushed

me.

“Stop complaining and save y  
Geronimo!”

“B-but, b-but,” I continued, n  
trembling with  
fear

. “The dra . . .  
the  
drag . . .  
the dragons  
!”



# MICEKING MEAT COOKED TO PERFECTION!

A pair of dragons was flying  
Mouseborg  
fjord. As they

approached  
us, they sniffed the air.  
“Do you

SSS  
mell that

aroma

,  
Greenpepper?” one dragon his

“Ye

SSS

, I

SSS

mell it, Bitter!” the other  
replied. “Miceking meat,  
cooked

to

perfection!”

The dragons had

long

talons and

mouths full of

sharp

teeth.

“Look!” the first dragon cried. “

SSS

a grill

full

of miceking meat! What a de

SSS

SSS

nack!”

“Quick! Let’

SSS

gobble them up!”

Greenpepper replied, smackin

As soon as he saw the dragon  
changed his orders.

“

Dragons in sight!

” he shouted to his crew.

“Vilekings

to the drekar! Hoist the anchor

The vilekings fled the cave, 1

barrels of finnbrew behind.

“Retreeeeeat!”

“sAve youR fuuuuR!”

“Head back to Feargaaaar

Before we could move a  
**whisker**

, the  
vilekings were back aboard the  
“

Quick! Row faster!  
”

Ratnolf urged them.

“Let’s get out of here!”

They left us there,  
tied

to the rock and

**roasting**

like miceking shish kebabs! W

were fried, finished, done for!

“What about us?” Bugsilda so  
worried

.

“How will we  
escape

, Uncle

Geronimo?” Benjamin asked.

Crusty codfish!

I didn’t know what to do. So

I looked at

Thea

, hoping she had thought of  
something. She was trying to

but with

**no**

luck!

“I can’t get free!” she squeaked.

Suddenly, a flame from one of the dragons passed so close to me that

singed

my whiskers.



I began to shake and  
tremble

so much

that the ropes around me loose  
able to free one

paw

.

“Try to grab my whistle, Gero  
said. “That way we can call for

help

!”

“But

is it really a good idea to draw  
attention to ourselves?” I argu

it be better to free ourselves a  
run  
?”

“Uncle G, just do what Aunt  
Benjamin and Bugsilda squeak  
So, shaking like a bowl of jelly  
grabbed the  
brass whistle  
my sister  
wore around her neck and put  
Oh no!  
Help!

lips. She blew it in the  
nick of time

!

The two dragons had just landed  
of us, saliva

dripping

from their mouths.

Greenpepper looked me up and  
from the ends of my whiskers  
my tail.

“Let’

SSS

SSS

ee what the

SSS

e nice  
miceking

SSS

ta

SSS

te like,” he hissed in my  
snout.

“They look

SSS

uperta

SSS

ty!” Bitter replied.

“Can I have the one with the 1

“If you in

SSS

i

SSS

t,”

Greenpepper agreed.

“But then tho

SSS

e

two little one

SSS

count as one, and

I get them both!”

This time there  
was no way out: We

were

**tied up**

and surrounded by dragons  
with a weakness for roasted  
**miceking**  
meat.

Suddenly, a

**sweet**

song filled the air. A  
moment later, a

**sparkly**

blue dragon with  
turquoise eyes and a silver c

in the sky.

I couldn't believe my eyes!

"It's

Sapphire

!" I shouted with glee.



The Blue Dragon!  
What a psssst!

# REVENGE OF THE BLUE DRAGON

As

Sapphire

distracted the other dragons,

Thea whispered in my ear.

“I called for him with my wh  
explained.

But of course! Sapphire is Thea

is the last descendant of the le

Blue

Dragon

race. He is a kind and friendly  
dragon who saved us once before.

Sapphire

flew closer to the other  
dragons.

“Our leader,  
Gobbler the Putrid  
, was

SSS

right!” Bitter hissed in surprise.  
Dragon

SSS

aren’t

extinct

!”

“

SSS

o what do we do now?” Green

growled

. “I’m

SSS

tarved!”

# Sapphire

Sapphire is the last of the legendary Blue Dragons, a clan of peaceful and friendly creatures!

He is a champion flier, and he loves singing sweet songs. Most important, he is a vegetarian who defends the micekings against the evil meat-eating dragons! He lives in the Valley of the Blue Rainbow. It's a secret place, so don't tell anyone!

“Let’

SSS

leave the  
mice to roa

SSS

t  
for a bit longer,”  
Bitter suggested.  
“Meanwhile, let’

SSS

get rid of thi

SSS

pe

SSS

t!”

“Good

idea

!”

Greenpepper replied.

“They’ll be even

ta

SSS

tier in a few

more minute

SSS

!”

The two dragons left

us to

chase

Sapphire. But the

flying

skills of

the Blue Dragons are

legendary

!

Sapphire avoided



He's so quick

Where did

he go?

Ha, ha, ha!

every

flaming

breath Greenpepper

and Bitter aimed at him. The

twisted

and turned in the sky in

an amazing display of adva

maneuvers. I was so busy

watching Sapphire

that I forgot I had a

free paw

!

“Geronimo, don’t just stare in  
like a

fish fillet

!” Thea yelled at  
me. “Quick! Loosen the ropes.  
I freed myself and then  
freed  
Thea.

Together, we  
untied  
the others.

Above us, the evil dragons s  
and panted as they tried to k

Sapphire

. But he was  
too quick  
for  
them!

Benjamin  
and

Bugsilda  
cheered.

“Yeah!” Benjamin cried. “Tha  
done!”

“Serves you right, you

scaly snouts

!”

Bugsilda added.

We watched as Sapphire landed on  
the whale islands.

“Thi

SSS

i

SSS

our chance, Bitter!”

Greenpepper grunted furiously.

SSS

defeat him once and for all!”

With that, the two dragons

dove

downward. Sapphire waited  
close, then

tapped

the whale's back

with his tail. The giant fin wh  
with a

splash

!

A powerful spray of water hit  
in their snouts. They  
growled  
furiously.

Then they tried to land on the  
to  
regroup

. But each time a dragon landed,  
a whale hit him with another  
spray  
of water.

Everyone knows dragons hate  
washes away their sulfurous  
stench

,

soaks

their wings, and gives them  
terrible colds

!

“Aaah! Water!” Greenpepper roared.

“It’s

SSS

di

SSS

gu

SSS

ting!” Bitter hissed.

“Let’s

SSS

get out of here!”

They flew off,

shrieking

and

sneezing

as they went.

When Sapphire landed on the  
us, Thea ran to hug him.

“Thank you, my friend,” she s

“You

saved

us! I know you have to go

back to the Valley of the Blue

first, here’s a



thank-you  
gift!”

Water —blech!

Let's get out  
of here!

My sister took a  
**red apple**

out of

her bag and tossed it in the air.

**Sapphire**

grabbed it happily before he  
flew off to his secret haven. I  
us to

**return**

home as well. I was about to  
board the drekar when Olaf  
the Fearless

**grabbed**

me

by the tail.

“Where do you think you’re going, codfish face?” he grunted. “First we need to reclaim the stolen finnbrew!”

# THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING FINNBREW

“We’re not leaving until we’ve  
all

the barrels of finnbrew!” Olaf

“You mean

every single

one?” I asked.

“That’s right — from the first  
you

smarty-mouseking

!” Olaf replied.

Great groaning glacie

Those

barrels were so heavy! Resign

roll

the finnbrew barrels toward o

one by one. Meanwhile, the l

explored the cave.

“Uncle Geronimo! Aunt Thea

exclaimed suddenly.

“Look!” Bugsilda said, pointi

secret passage

!”

Hurry up!

But I . . .

Let's go!

Come on!

Behind the barrels was a narrow

dark

tunnel. Courageous Thea  
entered immediately,

followed

by

the little micekings.

I hesitated until Olaf gave me a  
shove

.

“Get going,  
smarty-mouseking  
!” he

squeaked. “You’re worse than a  
stuck in mud!”



Almost there!  
We reached the  
end of the tunnel  
and realized we were in a  
familiar  
place: We  
were in the Mouseborg finnbr  
factory warehouse, right beh  
enormouse  
equipment trunk!  
So that's how the  
vilekings  
had managed  
to steal the finnbrew without a

Suddenly

, the door to the warehouse burst open.

“Stop where you are, thieves shouted.

“Can’t you see that it’s us?” C

“We figured out who stole

the finnbrew!”

Thea announced. “We must tel

When we reached him, the vil  
declaring  
the winner of the  
Famouse Fjord Race

.  
“The winning drekar is . . . th  
Prince!” Sven shouted.

All the micekings applauded  
Ratilde  
and her crew.

“That fluke face wasn’t a

good  
sportsmouse!” she accused  
doesn’t deserve to win!”

“It’s true,” Thora agreed. “When  
in  
trouble  
, he took off without helping us  
the  
Bated Breath offered to  
save  
our crew!”  
Sven was  
silent  
for a moment before  
he squeaked again.  
“Since  
Snarl

and his crew weren't good  
sportsmice, the victory goes  
team!"

Snarl stormed off,

**furious**

, while Ratilde  
and her crew

**celebrated**

.

We won!  
Well done,  
Ratilde!  
Hooray!  
Grunt!  
Yay!  
Great  
job!

“I’m sorry about the race, Ca  
Olaf. “I know how much you v  
win!”

“Ah, you know what I say, sr  
mouseking,” Olaf replied. “M  
old  
and

**crusty**

Bated Breath is the best drek  
there is. I don’t need another  
At that moment, Sven caught s  
“Geronimo!” he thundered. “  
was the  
last

to arrive!”

“But we solved the mystery of the finnbrew,” Olaf explained.

After he heard our story,

Sven the

Shouter

got back up on the stage.

“Attention, micekings!” he shouted.

In honor of the victors, and to celebrate the

return of our finnbrew . . .

gloog for everyone!”

“Hooray!” shouted the micekings.

Mouseborg.

During the banquet, Thora appeared.



“Thank you for helping us, Ge  
said. “You are really a  
courageous  
mouseking!”

I turned

red

with embarrassment. Then  
I pulled my

whiskers

to make sure I  
wasn't having another  
dream. It wasn't  
just my friends and  
family who believed

in me — Thora did,  
too! With their help,  
I knew someday I  
would earn my very own  
**miceking helmet!**  
But that's another  
miceking story  
for another day!

Miceking  
island

Gullet Valley

Forest of a

Thousand

Scales

Oofadale

Yawning

Cove

Mouseborg

Beastgard

Feargard

Helpful Hills

Want to read the next adventure  
the micekings? I can't wait to  
all about it!

## pull The dragon's TooTh!

Miceking chief Sven the Shout  
goal: to transform smarty-mouse  
Stiltonord into a true macho mouse.  
Geronimo must undergo special  
leading up to a terrifying final  
tooth from a dragon's mouth!  
squids! Will he ever earn a mice  
Don't miss the first  
adventure of the

mice kings, either!

Be sure to read all m  
fabumouse adventure







Don't miss  
any of my  
very special  
editions!

Dear mouse fr  
thanks for rea  
and good-bye  
the next book!



WHO IS

Geronimo Stilto

The Famouse Fjord Ra

It's the day of the Famouse Fjord Ra sailing competition. Geronimo Sti isn't competing, since he gets seas but then he's dragged into a boat! when he thinks things can't get w the terrible vilekings appear — and do the evil dragons. Squeak! Will team stay afloat?

He is a mouseking — the Geronim of the ancient far north! He lives w brawny and brave clan in the villa Mouseborg. From sailing frozen w

to facing fiery dragons, every day  
adventure for the micekings!

[www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton](http://www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton)

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